

# The shamefull downefall of the Popes Kingdome

Contayning the life and death of Steeven Garnet, the Popes chife Priest in England:  
being executed in Paules Church-yard in London the 3. of May last, 1606.  
To the tune of, Triumph and Ioy.

Garnet, the Popes chife wanding Priest, his habite and attire.



I. For all true English heartes now sing  
Unto the Lord our heavenly King,  
Which Treasons unto light both bring,  
To thy Authoris endlesse shame.

II. treason was more vild and bad,  
When Popis crew conspired bad,  
To make all England moxe and sad,  
To Papis endlesse shame.

III. In former age was ever bent,  
Such Treasons strange so to invent,  
And thene Item to so ill intent:  
To Papis endlesse shame.

IV. The Treasons all, God hath bewaide,  
Which Pope & Prelies and Papis latide:  
For God above is still our ayde,  
To Papis endlesse shame.

V. These therte peiris no Traitors spight  
Was wrought agaist the Gospels light,  
Nor yet against our Soueraignes right,  
To Papis endlesse shame.

VI. But Steeven Garnet (voide of grace)  
Knew when, and how, and where the place  
That Treasons plowing were apace,  
To Papis endlesse shame.

VII. He tramme did both faire and neare,  
Like to a Woole and ranorous Beare,  
To keepe poore silly soules in feare,  
To Papis endlesse shame.

VIII. He hath seduced many a soule,  
And in his Booke did them in troule,  
To make them pay for Duell tople,  
To Papis endlesse shame.

For to be bring them in chayre,  
Hoch sent pathe bente for to be trahyred  
And treacherous seruynge lie.

To Papis endlesse shame.

The Woollen Ropes he sett abayn to,  
Thinking therby that he had gainyd  
Their soules in Hell for to be goynyd.  
To Papis endlesse shame.

His Patrons and his Buis are crost,  
His Popis dignitie is lost  
His Reliques eke, to his great cost,  
And Papis endlesse shame.

His holy Boneys, and holy Stockes,  
His holy Shires, and holy Smockes  
Are come unto the Hang. mans boxe,  
To Papis endlesse shame.

His (Holiness) wife is now yulo downe,  
Whiche Traitors lou'd in Cittie & towne  
Herrick (the Hang-man) hath his gowone  
to Papis endlesse shame.

Now haught swailes his holy Dalle,  
For tyme hath brought it lowe valle.  
That he is proud wiser then an Ase,  
To Papis endlesse shame.

His Abbotts, Priors, Monks, & friers,  
And oþer his religioun luyers,  
Haue prouyd themselues all to be liers,  
To Papis endlesse shame.

Their great Commander he is gon  
Whiche Holiness leide to put on:  
But prouide himselfe a treacherous on  
To Papis endlesse shame.

And by the Sabirries of London  
He thence was brought with us  
Even as a Woole rode from his  
To Papis endlesse shame.

In Paules Church-yard on the  
was built a gibbet painefull  
On which this treasonous Cor.

To Papis endlesse shame.

Unto which place then did him  
There so to leare him for to  
And sake his farewell in a bri  
To Papis endlesse shame.

Unto which was hanged  
Unto which bange they did him  
Unto which was that was hanged  
To Papis endlesse shame.

He was quartered, plemented,  
Herrick and his men then by,  
To be set up in places hie,  
To Papis endlesse shame.

The wall was call'd Garnet  
Being counterfayte to R  
For his reproch will still  
To Papis endlesse shame.

Let Poope and Papis ha  
That such a Countersayte  
Whiche hath ther Kingdome  
To Papis endlesse shame.

And let hem with Candie  
Curle all the Dunc's ther  
Whiche makes it against h  
To Papis endlesse shame.

Let Christiane y  
Whiche thous  
Ans hanc  
to y

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